

Miscellany
vol 3

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New MISCELLANY

For the YEAR 1737.

CONTAINING

- I. The Vision of the GOLDEN RUMP, printed in the Papers call'd *Common Sense*, of *March 19.* and *March 26.*
- II. A Dissertation upon *Kicking*, printed in the same Paper of *June 11.*
- III. The Lord C——d's SPEECH against the Play-Bill, in the House of Peers.
- IV. C——C——r's Letter to the *Craftsman*, upon the Bill for restraining the Stage, printed in that Paper of *July 2.*
- V. The Year of Wonders.
- VI. The Man of Honour.
- VII. A Letter from G. KELLY, &c.
- VIII. The ALCHEMIST of *June 4.* 1737.
- IX. FOG's Journal, *July 16.*

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NEW MISSOURIAN



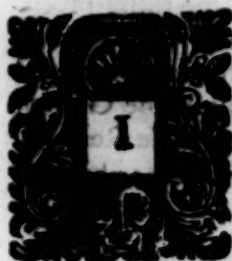
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New MISCELLANY, &c.

INTRODUCTION.



WAS reading the other Night a *Treatise of Oracles*, which were formerly the chief Support of the Heathen Theology. The Oracle of *Apollo* at *Delfos* attracted the greatest Veneration, and was famous through the whole World. There was no State or Potentate that did not consult the *Delphic* Oracle in all their Undertakings and Difficulties; and there was scarce a private Family, of any Distinction, which did not, upon some Occasions, inquire of that God concerning their domestick Affairs. There must certainly have been a Succession of wise and learned Men, who ministred in the Temple at *Delfos*; Men, who were well acquainted with the History and Antiquities of the World; who were skilled in Geography and Navigation, and in all the Arts of Government Religious and Civil; and who understood the Interest and Power of remoter Kingdoms, as well as of the neighbouring Nations. If this be allow'd, it could not pose the Oracle to make a proper Answer to general Questions, especially to all National Enquiries. Were the God of the *Golden Tripod* now in being, would it be difficult for him to inform the curious Politician, why the *Spaniards* evacuated *Tuscany*? Why the *Hollanders* are unwilling to be govern'd by a Stadtholder? And what will at last be the Fate of the *Corficans*, and their Masters likewise? If indeed any insidious Questions were proposed, we ought not to blame the God, if he made use of his old Artifices, and returned uncertain and ambiguous Answers. For Instance, were he to be examined concerning the Great Talents of the present Rulers of *Europe*,

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and a categorical Answer were demanded from him, who of all their Mightinesses is the wisest, it could not reasonably be expected, that, where all are *Solomons*, he should give a Preference to any particular Sovereign. I know some learned Moderns, as *Vossius*, *F. Simon*, &c. have ascribed all Oracles to the Inspiration of the Devil: But *Van-Dalin*, in a Treatise published in 1683, proves to a Demonstration, that they were mere Impostures, the Inventions of the Heathen Priests to draw Money from the People; in which they sometimes acted without Disguise. For the God of *Delphos* was frequently bribed to accommodate his Responses to the ambitious and political Views of his Votaries. This made *Demosthenes* say, that *Pythia Philippiæd*, when he perceived the Oracle so partial to *Philip* King of *Macedon*, as to utter every thing that favoured the Designs of that Monarch, who was attempting to enslave all the Free Cities of *Greece*. 'Tis no wonder, that *Philip* used this Stratagem, since the *Delphic Apollo* had so much Weight and Influence in all human Counsels, and directed all the Great Affairs of the World. It might indeed be a Matter of Wonder to us, that a Piece of Brass or Stone should be worshipped as a Divinity, and accounted the Oracle of Truth, if we did not behold the same thing practised at this Day. For I believe two Thirds of the Globe are at present under the Dominion of *Pagods*, who are animated and endued with Speech by the same Arts that inspired the God of *Delphos*, and *Powell's* Puppets. — I was full of these Reflections, after reading the Treatise I have mention'd above; and that Night I had the following Dream or Vision.

The VISION of the GOLDEN RUMP.

M I thought I was upon a large River, in a small *Indian* Canoe, without either Oars or Sails. My Canoe was for some time carried down the Stream with great Rapidity, and at length, by good Fortune, was driven into a little Creek. By this Means, I landed without any Difficulty, in a pleasant Meadow, in which were several Walks of tall Elms like those in *Greenwich Park*. The broadest of these Walks, which was full of Cavaliers all magnificently dressed, was an Avenue that led, at above half a Mile's Distance, to a Temple whose gilded Spires reached the Clouds. Resolving to gratify my Curiosity, I joined the Company, which I perceived were hastening to the Temple, when an elderly Gentleman, habited in a Suit of Black Velvet, observing I was a Stranger, made me a handsome Compliment, and offered me his Service. I thanked him for his Civility, and took the Liberty to ask him the Meaning of what I saw. He informed me, that the Persons I observed so richly habited were the *Noblesse* of the Kingdom, who were going to the Temple to celebrate the annual Festival of the *GOLDEN RUMP*; for
so,

so, it seems, the PAGOD was called: That he was an Officer belonging to the CHIEF MAGICIAN, or VICAR-GENERAL of the HIGH PRIESTESS; and would place me where I might see the whole Ceremony, without being incommoded. Saying this, he led me into the Temple, and directed me to stand in a Niche near the Altar, himself standing close by me during the whole Time the celebration of the Festival lasted. The Temple was a plain, large Room, with a flat Roof, but without any Pillars, like the Theatre at *Oxford*. At the West End was an Altar raised about five Foot from the Floor, on which the Image of the PAGOD was placed. This IDOL was an human Figure, excepting only that he had Goats Legs and Feet, like those which are given by Poets and Statuaries to the old *Satyrs*. His Head was made of Wood, his Body down to the Waist of Silver; and his Posteriors, which were large and prominent, and from whence he deriv'd his Title, were of solid Gold. By this Description the Reader will easily conceive that the Back of the IDOL was turned to the Congregation; an Attitude which I do not remember to have observed among the *Chinese* and *Indian Pagods*. But my friendly Conductor informed me, that he had placed himself in this Posture upon his first Entrance into the Temple, as well to shew his Politeness, as to testify his Respect and Gratitude to a Nation which had elected him into the Number of the *Dii Majores*, or *Greater Gods*. Here I could not help smiling, to think how widely the Custom of this Country differed from mine, where the same Thing, which passed here for Civility, and good Manners, would be reckoned a Mark of Insolence and Brutality.

But to proceed in my Vision——On the Right Hand of the PAGOD stood the TAPANTA (for so the HIGH PRIESTESS was styled) dressed in the Habit of a *Roman* Matron. Her *Stola*, or upper Garment, was of Gold Brocade, adorned with Diamonds and other Jewels. She had a Silver Bell in one Hand, and a small Golden Pipe or Tube in the other, with a large Bag or Bladder at the End of it. It exactly resembled a common Clyster-pipe, and was used, as my Friend explained it to me, in the same manner. For the Bladder was full of *Aurum potabile*, compounded with Pearl Powders, and other choice Ingredients. This Medicine, at proper Seasons, was injected by TAPANTA into the F——d——t of the PAGOD, to comfort his Bowels and preserve his Complexion. It was likewise applied, upon extraordinary Occasions, to appease the IDOL, When he lifted up his cloven Foot to correct his Domesticks who officiated at the Altar. However, as he was naturally very cholerick, so his Fury was sometimes so very sudden and unexpected, that he imprinted visible Marks of it on all who stood near him, ere the HIGH-PRIESTESS had time to apply the Golden Clyster. And sometimes the Storm was so loud and violent, and the PRIESTESS

met with such Opposition in those Parts to which she directed her Tube,

(* *Una Eurufq; Notufq; ruunt, creberq; procellis
Africus*)

that she was unable to apply it at all, at least with any Success. But these unnatural Sallies or Hurricanes had not happened, as my Conductor assured me, above two or three times since the Deification of the PAGOD; and only then, when his Godship was deeply smitten with the Charms of a mortal Dame.

On the Left Hand of the IDOL, opposite to the TAPANTA, stood the CHIEF MAGICIAN, or VICAR-GENERAL. His Habit was a Robe or Mantle of blue Velvet, and underneath a Cassock of white Sattin, embroider'd all over with flying Dragons, and he was called GASTER ARGOS, being thus denominated from his Belly, which was as large and prominent as the PAGOD's Rump. On that Part of the Cassock which covered his Belly, and just beneath his Surcingle, were embroidered these Words in Gold Characters, AURI SACRA FAMES. He had a Rod or Wand in his Hand, which he waved continually to and fro, like *Harlequin Faustus* in modern Pantomime. This Rod, my Conductor told me, belonged heretofore to *Pharaoh's* chief Magician, and still retained its marvellous Virtue; that is, it would change itself into Serpent or Dragon, whenever GASTER ARGOS cast it upon the Ground. There was moreover an Ancient Prophecy or Tradition which prevailed throughout the Land, that the GOLDEN RUMP should continue in the Fulness of his Glory, and the HIGH PRIESTESS and GASTER maintain their Authority, as long as the latter possess'd that Rod; which could never be destroyed or eaten up, but by the Rod of *Aaron*.

My good Friend was proceeding to explain the excellent and miraculous Properties of the magic Rod, and to give me a Detail of the rare Exploits of GASTER ARGOS, when the HIGH-PRIESTESS made the Signal of Adoration by ringing her Silver Bell.

When the People who were gathered together in the Temple heard the Sound of the Silver Bell, they prostrated themselves before the PAGOD. I was likewise obliged to fall down flat on my Face, lest I should have been marked for an Unbeliever, and consequently expelled the Temple, or, perhaps, have been sacrificed to the IDOL by the superstitious Multitude. After we had continued in that humble Posture two or three Minutes, an hollow, hoarse Voice, which proceeded from the GOLDEN RUMP, uttered the following Words. • Hearken to my Voice,

* *Cotton's Translation of this Verse in Virgil will best explain my Meaning.*
• all

‘ all ye People, and receive with Reverence the Oracle of
 ‘ Truth. I am the Mightiest among the Mighty, even he that
 ‘ rideth through the Firmament on the Back of the *Great Bear*.
 ‘ In my Presence the Sun is Darkness, and the Moon and Stars,
 ‘ are my Footballs. Harken unto my Voice, all ye Nations,
 ‘ and offer up unto me yourselves, your Sons, and your Sons
 ‘ Sons; your Wives and your Daughters, your Man Servants
 ‘ and your Maid Servants! Harken unto my Voice, all ye Peo-
 ‘ ple, and offer up unto me Vessels of Silver, and Vessels of
 ‘ Gold. I say unto you, Vessels of pure Gold, your own and your
 ‘ Neighbours Vessels! so shall ye find Favour in my Sight, and
 ‘ the Man who changeth his Rod into a Serpent, shall fill you
 ‘ with good things.’ When the Oracle of the *GOLDEN RUMP*
 had thus delivered himself, all the People rose from the Ground.
 Immediately the *HIGH-PRIESTESS* rung the Silver Bell a second
 time; and the *CHIEF MAGICIAN* making a profound Obeisance
 to the *IDOL*, kneeled before the Altar, and made the following
 Address, in the Name of the Congregation.

‘ Most illustrious *RUMP*! Thou who art Mightiest among
 ‘ the Mighty, who ridest on the Back of the *Great Bear*, and
 ‘ whose Brightness exceedeth the Brightness of the Sun! With
 ‘ Hearts full of Gratitude we acknowledge thy gracious Favour,
 ‘ and we obey thy Voice. Lo, we offer up ourselves, our
 ‘ Wives, and our Daughters, our Sons, and our Sons Sons, and
 ‘ their Sons which are yet unborn. Lo! we offer up unto
 ‘ Thee our Vessels of Silver, and Vessels of Gold; our own
 ‘ and our Neighbours Vessels, and our Neighbours Neighbours,
 ‘ and their Neighbours, even the Vessels of those who inhabit
 ‘ the remotest Corners of the Land.

Then the *CHIEF MAGICIAN* rising up, turned his Face to the
 Congregation, and making a Sign with his Hand, there advanced
 from the middle of the Temple twelve Men clad in blue Vel-
 vet, and about twenty four in Red, each having a Basket-Hilt
 Sword by his Side, and a large *Rump* embroidered in Gold on
 his Vest, with this *Motto* round it;

RUMFATUR, quisquis RUMPITUR invidia.

I considered this *Motto* as a mere Pun or Quibble, explaining
 it to myself in this manner; *Whoever envies me, or Whoever is*
not on my Side, let him be RUMPED. And I was afterwards much
 pleas'd to find, that my Friend's Construction of those Words
 differ'd but little from mine; only he translated the *Latin* Verse
 into *French*. It will be necessary to inform my Reader, that
 those goodly Personages, *who bore Semblance of Worth, not*
Substance, were called *Knights* of the *GOLDEN RUMP*, which
 was the Badge of their Order; that they were the most confi-
 derable Inhabitants of the Country, and were the principal Do-
 mesticks of the *PAGOD*.

Next

Next after the *Knights* of the GOLDEN RUMP, came twenty-two *Knights* in Party-coloured Robes of Black and White. These were all *Castellans*; and because they received their Commissions from the High Priestess, they were commonly called TAPANTA's *Knights*. They approached the Altar with great Reverence, their Eyes being steadily fixed on the IDOL. But my Friend assured me they were generally Hypocrites; and were attracted by the Brightness of the Metal of which the PAGOD's Body was made, and not by the Divinity of his Person; that their whole Study was to get a better *Castellan*, and so enrich their Families by the Revenues and Perquisites of their Employments. These *Castellans*, who were likewise Domesticks of the PAGOD, ranged themselves together with the *Knights* of the GOLDEN RUMP, on each Side of the Altar. The third Procession was composed of about two hundred and fifty Men of different Ages, and dressed in different Habits. They were called the *Ecuyers* of the CHIEF MAGICIAN, but were in Truth his Slaves and Vassals. Every one of these *Ecuyers* carried a large Vessel of Gold on his Head, full of square Pieces of the same Metal, each about the Size of a Dye. They set down their Vessels at the Foot of the Altar, and then making three Genuflections, they filed off to the Right and Left, and ranged themselves behind the *Castellans*. Their Vassals, it seems, contained the Annual Offerings, to which the whole Body of the People were obliged, and which had been collected some Days before under the Direction of the CHIEF MAGICIAN, who superintended that Work *ex Officio*. The Offerings (or more properly I may call it a Tribute) were presented in this manner, to prevent Confusion, and shorten the Time of the Solemnity; which must have lasted many Days, if every Native of the Country had been permitted to make his Offerings in Person. When all the Vessels were placed on the Altar, and the HIGH-PRIESTESS had consecrated them in Form to the Service of the PAGOD; GASTER ARGOS cast his Rod upon the Pavement, which immediately changed into a Serpent, or rather a monstrous Dragon. The Jaws of the Beast were so wide, that he could easily have swallow'd a whole Ox. But other Prey was designed for him. For no sooner had he beheld the Vessels of Gold, but, seizing them one after another, he gulp'd them down with all their Contents and Appurtenances, in less time than a Dung-hill Cock would have pick'd up a dozen Barley-Corns from a Threshing Floor; and yet he did not seem to be half filled or satisfied with his Meal, but looked about for more Food of the same Kind. I once thought he would have snapt at those Parts of the PAGOD which were formed of Gold, when the CHIEF MAGICIAN taking him by the Tail, he became a small Rod or Wand, as before.

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The Metamorphosis of the Rod did not surprize me more than what followed upon it. The MAGICIAN gently stroked the GOLDEN RUMP with the small End of his Rod, when behold! that Part of the IDOL swelled to such an enormous Size, that (as I conjecture) the unnatural Protuberance of additional Weight of Gold, was sufficient to make a Statue as large as the Statue in *Grosvenor-Square*, Horse and all. — The PAGOD was highly pleased with his Increase of Metal, and testified his Satisfaction by a loud Grunt; which was esteemed so auspicious a Presage of future Happiness and Prosperity to the Nation, that it was immediately answered by an universal Acclamation of those who were present in the Temple.

And now to finish the Ceremony of this grand Festival, the TAPANTA took from beneath her Robes a small Silk-Bag, which she delivered to the CHIEF MAGICIAN. As soon as he had received the Bag, he commanded the *Knights* of the GOLDEN RUMP, *Castellans*, and all his own *Ecuyers* or Vassals, to pass in Review before him; to each of whom he presented a small Vellum Ticket, which he took out of the Silk-Bag. The Tickets entitled the Bearers to certain Commanderies, Privileges, and Emoluments, from which all the other Citizens were excluded; as likewise to a daily Allowance of Rice, Oil, Salt, and *Schiras* Wine, in proportion to their Quality and Merit, or the degree of Favour they possessed. They were all very eager to read their Tickets: and some of them, contrary to my Expectation, seem'd to be much dissatisfied with their Portions. I particularly observed, that one of the *Knights* of the GOLDEN RUMP openly demanded from the CHIEF MAGICIAN an additional Measure of Rice, Oil, and Wine, alledging that the Allowance assigned him for a whole Day, was scarce sufficient for his Breakfast: He only agreed to the Quantity of Salt specified in his Ticket, which he acknowledg'd was enough for three Meals. I found my Conductor did not much affect this Cavalier, and he bid me mark him well, that I might know him again. 'Of all the GREAT RUMP's Attendants, he hath the most voracious Appetite. Tho,' as you see, he is old, and very infirm, yet he requires as much Provision for himself, as would subsist a small Army. Formerly he could digest Iron, like an Ostrich; and at this Day he can swallow as large a Dose of *Aurum potabile* at one End, as our PAGOD can receive at the other: However, for particular Reasons, the CHIEF MAGICIAN will endeavour to content him.' Scarce had my Friend done speaking, When GASTER took an Opportunity of whispering the *hungry Knight*, and slipt another Ticket into his Hand. Other Cavaliers followed the Example of the *hungry Knight*, and made new Demands, but without Success; for the CHIEF MAGICIAN gave but little Attention to
what

what they said, or put them off with an half Promise to the next annual Festival.

During the Distribution of these Rewards, there was an Incident that made me laugh heartily. A little old *Knight*, called *Brunchus*, was recompensed beyond any Service he had done, or was capable of rendering to the GOLDEN RUMP; for tho' he had constantly attended at the Altar for above Forty Years, yet he had not Sense enough to learn the common Forms of Prayer. However, he thought he must do as the rest, and therefore demanded larger Appointments. Upon which the CHIEF MAGICIAN called for his Ticket, and endorsed a *Memorandum*, which reduced *Brunchus* to an half Allowance of Rice, Oil, and Wine, *sine Grano Salis*. Whether he could not read the *Memorandum*, or was intimidated by GASTER's Frowns, or was too sordid to resent any Indignity that was offered him; he submitted to the Alteration, and took his Stand again, seemingly very well contented. 'What a Wretch, says my Conductor, is that *Brunchus*! He is one of the richest Men in this Country; he hath no Heir to inherit his vast Estate? he is in the first Class of Nobility; he was *Knight* of the GOLDEN RUMP, when the CHIEF MAGICIAN was only a common Juggler; and yet for a Peck of Rice more, he would worship the Clyster-pipe in TAPANTA's Hand.

After the *Knights* of the GOLDEN RUMP were dispatched, the *Castellans*, or Party-coloured *Knights* advancing towards the CHIEF MAGICIAN, with great Reverence received their respective Tickets; on which were written or engraved, in a large Text Hand, and in Gold Characters, these Monosyllables, TRANS and PLUS, by which they were distinguished from the other Tickets. I further observed, that on some of these Tickets the Words were repeated two or three Times; and particularly the fourth Ticket, which was delivered to a *Knight* that halted, had this Inscription, TRANS, TRANS, TRANS, TRANS. 'Mark, says my Conductor, that lame *Knight*. He arrived to the present high Dignity he enjoys, by railing continually against it. He has taken all Occasions to expose his Brethren to Contempt, by ridiculing their Manners, and the Titles they have assumed. He hath in several Discourses endeavoured to prove, that Statutes of his own Order are absurd and impious; and such as ought not to be subscribed by any Man who has common Sense, or common Honesty. He maintains, that the *Castellans* are an useless Body of Men, which should never have been legally established in this Country; and that a rich *Castellan* is a Monster. Would you after this believe that he himself is a *Castellan*, and the richest of all, and that he has twenty Times subscribed to the Statutes of his Order, and as often swore to maintain them?' My good Friend was going on with his Character of the lame *Castellan*, when

when I interrupted him by an Impatience I expressed to know the Meaning of PLUS and TRANS; which I Imagined were two very significant Monosyllables in the Place where they stood. Your Conjecture, says he, is right: For these Words convey more than ten Skins of Parchment can do in a Country where the Laws are intricate and voluminous. PLUS is a Term which is to be understood here in the same Sense it is used in *Algebra*; where it is always a Sign of Addition, and is expressed by this Character, \dagger . For Example, 600 *plus* (or \dagger) 1400, or 1400 *plus* (or \dagger) 600 is equal to 2000. The *junior Castellans* are very fond of this Algebraical Figure; and no wonder, since it usually brings with it a Stipend of 2000, 3000, 4000, 5000, or perhaps 6000 * *Pagodes* a Year, over and above the ordinary Revenues of their respective *Castellanies*. Observe that *Castellan* who looks towards us! He was formerly a Trumpeter, and now he is possessed of Twelve or Thirteen thousand *Pagodes* a Year, by Virtue of his PLUS *Tick-et*. — Some Years ago there was a general Assembly of *Castellans*; they made a Decree by which the use of PLUS *Tickets* were forbidden, as being contrary to the original Institution of their Order; but they inserted a Clause of Dispensation, in case the Claimant should be a Person of *distinguished Merit*. This Article rendered the Prohibition useless; for since that Day, every *Castellan* hath been a Person of *distinguished Merit*. The PLUS *Tickets* were invented with a good Design, *viz.* to cloathe the poor Brethren of the *Castellans* (for they have a poor Brotherhood) and to furnish Salt and Leeks for their Porridge; but the *Castellans*, and those who are Candidates for the *Castellanies*, very early perverted this laudable Institution, and appropriated the PLUS *Tickets* to themselves. They fare sumptuously, and heap up Riches, whilst they deny their poor Brethren the common Necessaries of Life. Here I interrupted my Friend again, to ask him, if the Monosyllable TRANS were as uncharitable as PLUS. He answered, That TRANS was a Word originally invented for the Use of the *Castellans* only; that it signified *Transnominatio*; and in those *Tickets* where it is repeated, it signifies *Transmutatio*. The first Term does not require an Explanation; the second is to be understood as it is in *Geometry*, where *Transmutation* means the Change of one Figure or Body into another of the same Area of Solidity, but of a different Form; as a *Triangle* into a *Square*, or a *Pyramid* into a *Paralleloped*. But if the Word be three or four Times repeated, it must be explained, as in *Alchymy*, the Act of changing or exalting imperfect Metals into Gold or Silver: So that when a *Castellan* hath been

* A *Pagode* is an Indian Coin.

‘ *transmuted* three or four Times, he necessarily becomes a
‘ *golden Castellans*; for so the rich Knights are generally called.

The CASTELLANS were succeeded by the Vassals or *Ecuyers* of the CHIEF MAGICIAN. These Gentlemen advanced without observing any Order; pressing, squeezing, treading on one another’s Heels, and reaching over one another’s Shoulders, to receive their *Tickets*; only I remarked they paid some Deference to their Leader. He was an awkward, clumsy Person: He held a Pair of Gold Scales in his Right Hand, while his Left was employed to hold up his Breeches. My Conductor informed me, he was called SACOMA, or the *Weight-Master*; that he was in great Favour with the GOLDEN RUMP, and nearly related to the CHIEF MAGICIAN; that his Office was to *weigh* the Power and Interest of the Neighbouring Nations, and all the Words and Actions, and even the very Thoughts of their Rulers: That this he could easily do, because his Scales were made of the same Metal as those which *Jupiter* used when he weighed the Fates of mighty Combatants. ‘ By this Means,
‘ *said my Conductor*, SACOMA hath defeated all the Designs
‘ which have been formed against the Theocracy of the GOLDEN
‘ RUMP. For whenever he discovers the Increase of Empire,
‘ or the malevolent Intentions of any infidel State or Potentate,
‘ he casts a *Talisman* into the opposite Scale; which immediately
‘ reduces the exorbitant Power of our Enemies, and makes
‘ them fall down and worship the GOLDEN RUMP. For this
‘ Reason we have no Occasion for Soldiers, or Garrison Towns;
‘ but wholly rely on the Skill of the excellent SACOMA, to
‘ whom we owe our present Security, and the flourishing Condition of this Country. Some Troops indeed we have, who
‘ are allowed to wear Military Habits; but they are Troops of
‘ Players, who are retained in the Service of the PAGOD, and
‘ are appointed to act a Farce or comic Interlude on certain stated Festivals.’ While my Friend was giving me this Account of the SACOMA, all the *Ecuyers* had received their *Tickets*: And just as I was going to ask him some Questions concerning others among them in whose Habits or Gestures I remarked any thing very singular, the HIGH PRIESTESS rung her Silver Bell. As soon as the CHIEF MAGICIAN heard this Signal, he addressed himself to the Congregation in a short Speech; wherein, after having enumerated the many excellent Qualities of the GOLDEN RUMP, and all the good Things he had done for the People, he acquainted us, that his *Pagodship* was engaged to sup with *Jupiter* that Evening in *Æthiopia*; where they were to settle Affairs of the greatest Importance, and such, as when they were made publick, would fill the whole World with Wonder. Saying this, he laid down his Rod with great Reverence at the Feet of the PAGOD. The Rod, as before, was immediately changed into an huge Dragon—and the Dragon

gon (who, it seems, knew his Business perfectly well) took the IDOL on his Back, and flew with him out of the Temple (the Roof of the Temple rising up like a *Portcullis*) with as much Ease as *Jupiter* carried away little *Ganymede*. When the PAGOD was out of sight, the HIGH PRIESTESS pronounced a Blessing, and then dismissed the Congregation; retiring to her own Apartment through a Passage behind the Altar, attended only by the CHIEF MAGICIAN. I was so amazed at what I had seen, that I stood in a profound Revery, till the Greatest Part of the Congregation was departed. At length my Conductor pulled me by the Sleeve, and spoke thus to me.

‘ You see the Power of our PAGOD; but a Word in your Ear: Do not imagine he is really gone to sup in *Æthiopia*. ‘ He never mounts the Dragon, but when he is in an amorous ‘ Fit.’ He had beheld, among his Votaries some mortal Female, who had smitten him to the Heart. ‘ He is now addressing himself to her in the Shape of a Paroquet, or some other ‘ beautiful Bird; or, perhaps, he is fallen into her Bosom in a ‘ Shower of Gold; in which Form he never fails to succeed. ‘ Nor ought this to derogate from his high Dignity. Have not ‘ all the Pagan Deities subjected themselves in like manner to ‘ human Passions? How often has *Jupiter* transformed himself ‘ into a Bird or a Beast? And did not he once stop the Course ‘ of the Sun for twelve Hours, that he might lie so much ‘ longer with another Man’s Wife? If you examine our Mythology, you will perceive that all those Gods, who are the ‘ Work of Mens Hands, or who are represented by Statues, ‘ which are the Work of Mens Hands, have frequently submitted to the Power of Love; from old *Saturn* the King ‘ down to *Apis* the ‘*Egyptian Ox*. I must, however confess, ‘ that these Love Sallies sometimes produce very bad Effects, ‘ and even render the Divinity of our great Pagod suspected; ‘ whereof the CHIEF MAGICIAN hath wisely dissembled the real ‘ Cause of his Absence. Besides, my Patron hath not lost the ‘ Remembrance that the first Person of his Name and Family ‘ was destroyed for concerning himself in a * God’s Amours. But ‘ I wish, with all his Care, he may be able to conceal this Incident from the common People. For we have among us a ‘ great Number of Hereticks and Unbelievers, who take all ‘ Occasions to expose the GOLDEN RUMP, and ridicule his ‘ sacred Mysteries. Instead of coming here, as they ought, to ‘ join in the Celebration of this grand Festival, they meet in separate Congregations, and private Clubs, where the Rump ‘ of a *Buffalo* is set before them. To this they offer a Libation; and this (as they pretend) is the true original Rump ‘ which was worshipped by our Ancestors; and for many Ages,

* See the Fable of IO.

* preserved our People in Health, Strength, and Prosperity.
 * They impiously assert, that there is more Divinity in a Beef
 * Collop, than in the whole Body of our mighty PAGOD; like
 * those Barbarians, who paid a greater Veneration to their *Leeks*
 * and *Onions*, than to *Jupiter* himself, and all the Race of Gods
 * descended from him. These Men are neither to be converted
 * by the Miracles of GASTER's Rod, nor intimidated by the Ap-
 * pearance of his Dragon; altho' the Beast, if he were let loose
 * upon them, would devour them all at a Meal. In short, they
 * pretend to govern themselves by Reason and Philosophy, and
 * will have no God but one of their own chusing. If they had
 * sufficient Power, they would instantly melt down the Body
 * of our PAGOD for the Use of the Poor, and crucify the CHIEF
 * MAGICIAN for a Terror to all of his Profession. In the Place
 * of the former they would set up the Statue of the Blue-ey'd
 * Virago, *Pallas Athena*; and supply the Room of our GASTER
 * ARGOS, by recalling an old Maid, one *Astræa*, who for her
 * Impertinence was banished the Earth above Four Thousand
 * Years ago.

As for the HIGH PRIESTESS——Here I was awaked by the
 bawling of an Hawker under my Window, who desired his
 Customers to open their Eyes, and purchase Two penny-worth
 of COMMON SENSE.

A DISSERTATION upon KICKING.

WHEN I took upon me this Province of a Publick
 Writer, I was resolv'd to the best of my poor Capa-
 city, to make this Paper Entertaining as well as In-
 structive to my Readers; in order to which, I judg'd it would
 be absolutely necessary not to dwell too long upon the same sub-
 ject.——Man, as well as Woman, delights in Variety, and
 the Mind, as well as the Palate, must have Change of Diet.
 ——The *Quicquid agunt Homines*, is indeed a large Field for
 Wit and Satire to exercise themselves upon; but often, of late
 when I had chose my Subject, and sat down with Design of com-
 municating my Thoughts upon it, I found upon Recollection,
 that I had been anticipated by some other Authors who had
 lived before me.

The *Spectator*, of moral and facetious Memory, reform'd the
 Perriwigs, the Canes, and the Sword-Knots of the Fops; nay
 he tripp'd up their red Heels, if I may be allow'd that Expression
 ——As to the Fair Sex, he handled them from Head to
 Foot; not a Part about a fine Lady was left untouch'd——In a
 Word, whenever I take up the *Spectator*, I am ready every
 Minute to break out into the same Exclamation that a Poet
 of *Gascigny* utter'd upon reading over a beautiful Ode of *Horace*

—— D—mn

— *Damn these Ancients* (says he) *they have stolen all my fine Thoughts.*

Writers, of such universal Talents, may draw something that is useful and entertaining from the most barren Subject in Nature——— The *Spectator*, before mention'd, has been very learned upon Dancing.——— We have had Writers of but a second or third Class in Fame, who have had their Excellencies: A Baronet of *North Britain* has publish'd a large Quarto upon the Art of Fencing; and a Baronet of *Worcestershire* has obliged the World with a Treatise of immense Erudition upon the Gymnastic Science, or the Art of Wrestling.

But no People come up to the *Germans* in their indefatigable Industry for searching Antiquity.——— What immense Volumes of ancient Learning have they rescued from Cobwebs and Oblivion!

——— How have they work'd through the Rust of Time, to make Discoveries for the Improvement of Mankind! And with what infinite Labour have they collected the valuable Fragments scatter'd in different Authors, upon Subjects of high Importance to the learned World!

I have myself seen a History written by one of the *German Literati*, intituled, *De Veterum Lucernis & Candelabris*; Of the Lamps and Candlesticks of the Ancients. It is certain we should be groping in the Dark in Search of many Things belonging to Antiquity, had they not held out Lights to us.——— Another, who was as bright a Genius as the former, was twenty Years in compiling a Treatise *De Chirothecis & Ocreis*; Upon Gloves and Boots.

I have been credibly inform'd by Travellers, that there is a large Folio Manuscript in the Elector *Palatine's* Library, *De Miseriis ambulantium*——— On the Misery of walking on Foot; in which there is a Physical Dissertation upon Corns. There are several Volumes,——— *De Veterum Cultellis & Furcis*; Of the Knives and Forks of the Ancients, written by one *Vanderbuckle*, enrich'd with Cuts; an Art that has contributed very much to illustrate *German Wit*.——— What need I mention the great *Bamboozle-bergius*, who has made a Collection *De Mendaciis Antiquorum*; Of the Lies of the Ancients; which Work, we hear, is shortly to be printed here, for the Improvement and Edification of the Youth of this Kingdom, a certain great Man having taken upon him to patronize it: So that I hope every Person in Employment will be obliged to subscribe, under Pain of being cashier'd.

I have likewise been inform'd, that there has been for several Years, in the publick Library at *Ratisbon*, a most curious Manuscript, *De Colaphis & Calcationibus Veterum*; Of the Kicks and Cuffs of the Ancients; written by the learned *Vanboofus*; and that a Copy of this Work was some Years ago transmitted into *England*, to be laid up in the Royal Library of *St. James's*:
that

that it has been carefully revised and collated by the learned Doctor B——y, who has amended an Error in the Title; for he has proved, that the Substantive *Colophis*, must have been an Interpolation of the Transcriber; and of Consequence, the true Reading is, *De Caltationibus Veterum*; which he translates thus

——— *Of the Kicks on the A——— of the Ancients.* ———

This shews how Learning must have suffer'd through the Ignorance of Transcribers, were it not for the Accuracy of such judicious Criticks.

To confess the plain Truth, I had a Design of writing something upon this Subject myself, and have already been at no small Pains in looking over the *Cotton* and *Bodleian* Libraries.——— I don't know but it would be very well worth while to take a Journey to *Rome*, on purpose to consult that of the *Vatican*, but I am a little too much confined at present; I therefore beg the Assistance of the Learned of both our Universities, and hope they will be so good to communicate whatever Discoveries they may have made upon this Subject in the Course of their Reading; and as I should be glad to enrich this Paper with the choicest Flowers of Antiquity, I intend to publish them here.———

It is a Subject, well handled, that must give great Satisfaction to the Curious; nay, I could wish the World was but well inform'd of some late Truths concerning Kicking, I fancy it would contribute towards curing the Spleen of the whole Nation.

The Stage is the Representation of the World, and certainly a Man may know the Humours and Inclinations of the People, by what is liked or disliked upon the Stage; and I have often observ'd a Kicking to be the most diverting Scene in a modern Comedy.——— We have had several Poets of our own Nation who have succeeded very well this Way. ——— There is a kicking betwixt Sir *Harry Wildair* and Alderman *Smuggler*, in the Comedy call'd the *Trip to the Jubilee*; which is allow'd by the ablest Criticks to be a Master-piece of good Writing: There is also a kicking in the *Old Batchelor*, and another in the *Squire of Alfacia*, which are excellently well penn'd.

Of all the Comedians who have appeared upon the Stage within my Memory, no one has taken a kicking with so much Humour as our present most excellent Laureat, and I am inform'd his Son does not fall much short of him in this Excellence; I am very glad of it, for as I have a Kindness for the young Man, I hope to see him as well kick'd as his Father was before him.

Hitherto, indeed, these Kickings have been only the Support and Ornament of the Comick Scene; I wish with all my Heart some Poet of a sublime Genius would venture to write a Kicking in a Tragedy: I am very well persuaded, if an Author was to introduce a King kicking a first Minister, it would have a very good Effect: Such an Incident must certainly give great Pleasure

to the Audience, and contribute very much to the Success of the Play.

But to come nearer to my present Purpose——I have taken no small Pains in examining Authors, to find out when this Custom of kicking first began in the World. —— I am sorry the Writers of History have not been a little more particular in a Matter of so great Importance to Mankind.

Some of the *Roman* Emperors, *Nero*, *Domitian*, and *Caligula*, were given to kicking; so indeed was our *Harry* the Eighth, he made nothing of kicking the House of Commons.——There is a Box on the Ear recorded of Queen *Elizabeth*; it was a sudden Sally of jealous Love; it was but a kind of *aigre douceur*; and it does not appear that it was the Fashion of her Court. ——The Action of Kicking might be thought a little too robust for the Delicacy of her Sex, and it might have exposed the Royal Legs & *cætera*, to the Sneers of the young Fellows of the Court, therefore she modestly turned it into a Box on the Ear.

As no Man can account how Fashions rise and fall, who knows but the Practice of kicking upon every trifling Occasion, may become a Fashion in this Kingdom.——One of the greatest Wits of our Nation has placed the Seat of Honour in a certain Part of the Body that I don't well know how to describe. It is the Part which we must not name in well-bred Company, yet happy is the Fair Maid who shall rise with that Part uppermost in a Morning, good Luck shall attend her, and all the Wishes of that Day shall be crown'd with Success; but if I must describe it plainer, it is the Part where School Boys are punished for false Concords, and for playing Truant —— If it should, I say, become a Fashion, you would see a Fellow at Court, who had just receiv'd a most gracious Kick on that Part return as proud as a Citizen from being Knighted; and why not the Honour of Knighthood be conferr'd this Way, as well as by the Sword? and, indeed, why might not all Titles be conferr'd this Way?

And again, if you should happen to see a Crowd of Slaves running to the Levee of some Court Favourite in a Morning, and any Body should ask how comes this Man to be so courted, or so followed, the natural Answer in this Case would be, he has been lately kick'd into Reputation, or he has been lately kick'd into Preferment.

I cannot see why it might not be turned to be of excellent Use towards carrying on the Designs of Ministers of State, that is to say, in case they shou'd happen to be pursuing Measures apparently destructive of the Liberties of their Country; for in this Case they must, for their own Safety, be obliged to bribe the Representatives of the People, and as they would certainly bribe with the People's Money, not with their own, and as I should

should think it a very right Thing to save the publick Money; I should for that Reason humbly propose, that kicking might be introduced into publick Business, instead of bribing; I don't doubt but it might answer all the same Purposes, for I am firmly of Opinion, that whoever will take a Bribe, will take a Kicking.

I believe some Examples may be brought where it has been made use of with Success: Men, I say, have been kick'd as well bribed into Measures against their Country, and therefore it is not at all improbable but it may, some Time or other, become a Method of carrying on State Affairs. — If we should live to see that Day, young Princes, instead of Riding, Fencing, and Dancing, would have proper Masters provided to instruct them in kicking; and as he that undertook to eat a Sword began by eating a Dagger, so a young Adept should begin by kicking his Hat, before he was put to kick a Man.

As to the young Nobility and Gentry, instead of Wasting their Youth in studying to understand *Horace* and *Virgil*, they might be instructed to take a kicking with a good Grace; by which Means you would see a polite Nobility, a valiant Gentry, a most pious dignified Clergy, and a Court that would be a Constellation of the most illustrious Personages of the Kingdom.

There is a Court of Honour in all the Countries of *Europe*: In *France* the Mareschals or Generals preside in it — In *England* the Judge of the Court of Honour is Hereditary in the Family of the first Duke of the Kingdom — I should think that the Ceremonial of Kicking a Man into a Title, or a great Employment, might be settled by the Judges of these Courts of Honour, if I might be worthy of advising in Matters of so high a Nature; I should think it would be too great a Fatigue for the Prince himself to kick the whole Court, especially in Countries where the Court is numerous; I should therefore be of Opinion, that nobody should have the Honour of being kick'd by the Sovereign, except the first Minister, the principal Secretaries of State, the President of his Councils, and some few others the great Officers of the Crown; but these might kick those next in Employment under them, who might gradually descend, that there should not be a Man in any Employment in the Kingdom but what might be kick'd.

It is not yet indeed become a Custom in any Court of *Europe*, the more is the pity; for I think it would be a truly Royal Exercise for a Prince to divert himself with kicking two or three of his Ministers every Morning; it would contribute to the Preservation of his own health, as well as to the mending the Manners of his Court; and I believe it would have become a Fashion some where or other, were it not that the young Nobility of all Nations travel to *France*, and are apt retain Impressions of what they see there. — The Barbarity of a *French* Education will

not

not suffer a Gentleman to take a Kick from any Person, be he never so great, without some terrible Consequences; but I hope we in this Nation may live to get the better of such Prejudices, which may have this good Consequence, it may introduce an Elegance and Politeness of Manners not known in the World, except amongst the ancient *Goths* and modern *Hottentots*.

I may say, without Vanity, that we are not such Barbarians, but there may be found amongst us some great Men who can pocket up a Kick or a Cuff with as good an Air as they cou'd a Bribe; and as to those splendid Exagitations of ——— Choler, which are apt to break out into *Rogue* and *Rascal*, I am credibly inform'd some very stately Persons are so used to them, they receive them with the same Countenance, as, *Sir, I Kiss your Hands*; this shews we are well disposed for a Reformation of Manners; yet I fear will not grow into general Imitation, unless the Court should set the Example, which I am afraid will not happen; but if we should live to see that Day, the Place-Men must of course all fall into it; and I think it would be pleasant enough when a great Employment became vacant, to see a Parcel of Impudent Fellows in Lace and Embroidery, pressing and elbowing to be kick'd.

If the common People, who are not fond of new Fashions at their first Rise, should discover any Dislike of coming into it, Why might not the Standing Army be employ'd to kick the whole Nation?

The Lord C——D's SPEECH against the Bill for restraining the STAGE.

My Lords,

THE Bill now before your Lordships having pass'd the House of Commons with so much *Precipitancy*, as even to get the *Start* of *One* that deserved all the *Respect* which could be paid it, has set me on considering why *so much* *Regard* has been paid to *this*; why it has been pushed into the House at the *Close* of a Session, and press'd, in so singular a Manner; but I confess, I am yet a Loss to find out the *great Occasion*. My Lords, I apprehend it to be a Bill of a *very* extraordinary, a *very* dangerous Nature; and altho' it *seems* designed only as a *Restraint* on the Licentiousness of *the Stage*, I fear, it looks farther, and tends to a Restraint on the *Liberty* of the *Press*, a Restraint on *Liberty itself*. ——— I have gather'd from common Talk, while this Bill was moving in the House of Commons, That a Play was offer'd the Players, which if my Account was right, is truly of a most scandalous, a most flagitious Nature. What was the Effect?

C

Why

Why they not only *refused to act* it, but carried it to a certain Person in the Administration, as a sure Method to have it suppressed. Could *this* be the Occasion of the Bill? Surely no, *the Caution* of the Players could never Occasion a *Law* to restrain them, it is an Argument in *their* Favour, and a *material One*, in my Opinion, against the Bill, and is to me a *Proof* that the Laws are not only *sufficient* to deter *them* from acting what *they* know *would offend*, but also to punish 'em in Case they should *venture* to do it.——My Lords, I must own I have observed of late a remarkable Licentiousness in the Stage. There were two Plays acted last Winter that, one would have thought, would have given the *greatest Offence*, and yet were *suffered* without any Censure whatever; in one of these Plays the *Author* thought, fit to represent *Religion, Physick, and the Laws*, as *inconsistent* with *Common Sense*; the other was founded on a *Story* very unfit for a Theatrical Entertainment at this Time of Day; a *Story* so recent in the Minds of *Englishmen*, and of *so solemn a Nature*, that unless it be from the *Pulpit*, we ought not to be reminded of it. The Stage *may* want Regulation, the Stage *may* have it; and yet be kept within Bounds without a *new Law* for the Purpose. I am against this Bill, as an *unnecessary*, and as a *dangerous One*, and shall give your Lordships my Reason for this Opinion.——My Lords, I observe a *Power* is to be lodged in the Hands of *one Person only*, to judge and determine the Offences made punishable by this Bill, a *Power too great* to be in the Hands of any One.——When I say this I am sure, I do *not* mean to give the *least*, the most *distant* Offence, to that Noble Person who fills the Post of L——C——, and whose natural Candour and Love of Justice, I know would not *permit him* to exercise *that Power* but with the *greatest* Justice and Humanity; and was it *consistent* with the Nature of *Property*, or were we sure that the *Successors* in that Office would always be Persons of such distinguished Qualities, I think such a *Power* could not be trusted in a *safer Hand*.——My Lords One of the *greatest Goods* we can enjoy is *Liberty*; the best Things have their *Allays*; *Liberty* has its *Allay*. *Licentiousness* is the *Allay* of *Liberty*, it is the *Extrascence* and the *Ebullition* of it.——When I *touch* the One, it is with a *fearful*, with a *trembling* Hand, lest I should *unwarily* do a *Violence* to the other: Is a Play a *Libel* upon *any One*? The Law is sufficient to punish the *Offender*, and the Person in this Case has a *singular* Advantage, he can be at no Difficulty to prove who is the *Publisher* of it, the *Player* himself is the *Publisher*, and there can be no want of *Evidence* to convict him.——When we complain of the *Licentiousness* of the Stage, I fear we have more Reason to complain of *bad measures* in our Policy, and a general Decay of *Virtue* and good *Morals* among us. Let the Censured *mend their Actions*, and Censure will retort upon the *Censurer*, the *Ridiculer* make only himself
ridi-

ridiculous, and Odium will fall to the Ground. In the Roman Story, there is an Instance applicable to the present Occasion: During the Triumvirate of Pompey, Crassus, and Sylla, one Diphilus a Poet had wrote a Play, wherein Pompey was particularly mark'd out, (Pompey at that Time was as well known by the Name of Magnus as Pompey) and in a Speech of the Play, where the bad Measures of the Time were exploded, it concluded with these Words, *Et Misera nostra tu es Magnus*; upon which the Audience gave a universal Clap of Applause, and were so struck with the Wit and Force of the Expression, that Cicero says, they made the Actor repeat it a hundred Times — What did Pompey? (who was present on this Occasion) Did he resent the Satire, or the People's Applause? No: his Conduct was wise and prudent; he reflected justly within himself, that some Actions he had been guilty of had made him unpopular; from that Hour he began to alter his Measures; he regain'd by Degrees the People's Esteem, grew Popular again; and then neither feared their Wit, nor felt their Satire — My Lords, the Stage, preserved and kept up to its true Purpose, should, no doubt, only represent those Incidents in the Actions and Characters of Men as may tend to the Discouragement of Vice, and the promoting of Virtue and good Life; nor does it vary from its Institution, when it helps us to judge of the Vices and Follies of the Times; and tho' the Romans, at the Time I have mentioned, were declining in their Liberty, yet it is plain they had not then lost the Use of it: But when the Stage is under Power and Controul, such Instances are not to be met with. In the Life of that wonderful and excellent Genius Moliere, the Author tells us, that when his *Tartuffe* was acted, the Archbishop of Paris thought the Plan reflected upon him, and fancied that Moliere had taken his Measure for one of the principal Characters. Upon this, the Archbishop goes to the King, and makes heavy Complaints against Moliere; and tho' the Play was justly admired as an excellent Piece, yet to please the Archbishop, the King silenced the Actors, and forbid the Play. Moliere, some Time after, in the Presence of the Prince de Condé, took Notice to him how hard his Fate was to be under the King's Displeasure for a Play that was founded upon the strictest Rules of Morality, Virtue, and Religion, when at the same time Harlequin and his Italian Troop were suffered to act the most indecent Pieces imaginable, notoriously encouraging Vice and Immorality, and offensive to all Religion in the World. The Prince answer'd him very aptly, *I am not at all surprized at it*, says he, *for Harlequin only ridicules Religion in general, whereas you have ventured to ridicule the Prime Minister of it*. I must say freely, I am for no Power that may exert itself in an Arbitrary Manner; the Court is always for favouring its own Schemes, and is fond of making every Thing in its Power subservient to them; our Stage has been formerly made very useful in this Particular; in King

Charles the Second's Time, there was a Licenser at Court, what was the *Practice* then? *Why*, we were out of *Humour* with *Holland*, *Dryden* the Laureat wrote his Play of the *Cruelty* of the *Dutch* at *Amboyna*. When the affair of the *Exclusion Bill* was depending, he wrote his *Duke of Guise*.——When the Court took *Offence* at the City, (where there was some Property to preserve, as well as to defend) the Plays represented the *Citizens* as a Parcel of *Gripping Usurers* and *designing Knaves*, and to make their Characters compleat, *Cuckolds*. The *Cavaliers* at that Time, who were to be *flattered*, tho' the worst of Characters, were always *very worthy honest Gentlemen*; and the *Dis-senters*, who were to be *abused*, were always *Scoundrels* and *quaint mischievous Fellows*.——*Teague*, a notorious Rogue, that lived by Rapine and Plunder, was the *fine Gentleman*; and he that could not follow *Teague*, in his *Politicks*, was a sad Fellow, and capable of *no Trust* whatsoever.——In this Manner was the Stage managed under a *Licenser*.——And though I have the greatest Esteem for that Noble Lord in whose Hands this *Power* at present is designed to fall, and whose Impartiality and Judgment I have the greatest Confidence in, yet sometimes a *Leaning* towards the *Fashion of the Court* is hard to be avoided; and as to *Virtue* and *good Morals*, that is not always the *Place* where they are to be found. My Lords, if it were *necessary* a Bill of this Kind should pass, I am of Opinion, the Method proposed in this, to *restrain* the Licentiousness complained of, *will not Answer the Purpose*: for if it does not extend to the *Restraint of Printing*, (which I hope it never will) it cannot produce that *desired Effect*. When my L—d C——— has *marked* a Play with *Refusal*, may it not be *printed*? Will it not be *printed* with *double* the Advantage, when it shall be insinuated, that it was *refused*, for having some Character, or Strokes of Wit or Satire in it, that were *not suffered* to come on the Stage? And will not the Printer set the *Refusal* in his Title-page, as a *Mark of Value*? Is it not natural to be *fond* of any thing that is *forbid*? and will it not be more likely to have its Effect among the People, by this means, when the *printed Play* may cost but a Shilling, and the *seeing* it acted will cost 3 or 4?—Does not the Satire remain in Print to be read and considered, when the *Offence* in acting is *over* and *forgot*?——I don't doubt but there are People who will *sit down* to write a Play *on purpose* to have it *refused*, and that will be the *only Merit* belonging to it; for I must observe to your Lordships, that altho' it is very difficult to write one that is fit to be *accepted*; yet it is easy enough to write one that is fit to be *refused*. The Players, I believe, are pretty sensible there are fewer guilty of the *former* than the *latter*.——*Wit* is the *Property* of those who have it, and very often the *only* Pro-

Property they have. — Thank God, *We*, my Lords, are better provided, than to depend upon so precarious a Support. I must own, I am not for laying any *particular* Restraint upon *Wits*; but by this Bill Wit is to be delivered out to be *EXCISED*, my Lords, and the L—d C—— is to have the Honour of being the *Gager*, the *Exciseman*, the *Judge* and *Jury*; and the poor Author, who has not so much as a *worthy Commissioner* to appeal to, must patiently undergo the *Rummaging* of his Goods for fourteen Days together, before he can have them *returned*, and return'd how? Why, perhaps, with a *Prohibition* against his *Use* of them—No Play was ever wrote, but *some* of the Characters, Speeches, and Expressions, might be *interpreted* to point out *some* Person or another; it is *impossible* to write any thing for the *Stage*, that is not liable to the most *unthought of* Constructions; it is not to be *avoided*: And tho' it may have the *lavoful* Passport to it, yet when it comes to be acted the People will make their *Applications*. And here I cannot help observing, what an *unthankful* Office it must *prove* to that Noble Lord who is to make the *Piece current*, when Reflections shall be fix'd upon particular Persons, and be authoriz'd at the same Time under *his own Hand*. Such Accidents will be no little Uneasiness to that Noble Person, whose great *Conduct* in Life is well known *always* to avoid giving the *least Offence* to any One.—My Lords, from Laws of this Nature I suspect *very ill* Consequences, nor can I frame to myself any one good Argument or Reason for this Bill—It is an *Arrow* that does but *glance* upon the Stage; it *gives its Wound* at a Distance.—No Country ever lost its *Liberty* at once, 'tis by *Degrees* that Work is to be done; by *such* Degrees as creep insensibly upon you, till 'tis *too late* to stop the Mischief. Like the *shadowing* of a Colour, we may trace it from its *first* Light into its *deepest Dye*, but are not able to *distinguish* the several *Gradations* of it. — It is necessary that the *Briars* and *Thorns* should be removed, before *Power* can clear itself for Action; but then we see it taking *long Strides over a Land*. — The *Romans* lost their *Liberty*, by *restraining Licentiousness*; I hope *We* shall never do it at *so dear* Rate, and yet I fear we are *clearing* the Way for *those* who may thank us *hereafter* for doing so much of the Work ready to their Hands.—Our *Laws*, I am convinced, are already *sufficient* to punish *Licentiousness* in any Shape; and I can see no Reason for a new one, that may be *dangerous*, and, impartially, *must* be allowed to be *unnecessary*.

C—Y C——'s LETTER to the CRAFTSMAN.

To CALEB D'ANVERS, Esq;

Dear Caleb,

QUOD fieri non debet, factum valet, is a saying of some old Craftsman, and as it is a very wise Maxim, I shall venture to write to Thee upon it. I was in Hopes that tho' You were against the *Bill for licensing the Stage*, You would be for making it effectual, now it is pass'd into a *Law*. I take Thee to be no *Jacobite*, though a damn'd morose Prig of a *Patriot*; but thy Papers being read, where our *Gazetteers* are never heard of, give me Leave to make them the Vehicle of some Observations I have set down for the *Licensor's* Use. A Person of his Rank, though He delighted never so much in reading, cannot be presumed to have Leisure enough for so tedious an Employment; and I would willingly shew Him how proper I am for the Business, having, by my former Vocation, several Plays by Heart, and tho' I say it, that should not say it, the best Judge in *England* of all *Dramatical Performances*.

I write to You, upon this Occasion, with the more Freedom, because You were formerly pleas'd to recommend Me as a proper Supervisor of all Plays, old and new, and to make an *Index expurgatorius* of such Passages as are not now fit to be brought upon the Stage. I have taken the Hint, and set my Mark upon a Multitude of Passages in Plays now in Being, which will be proper to be left out in all future Representations of them. For Method's Sake I have put them under several Heads, as they regard *Politicks*, *Divinity*, or *Bawdry*. The first of these shall be chiefly my Province; and if I might presume to recommend a fit Person to take Care of the other two Heads, I would name Mr. Orator H—y, not only as He is undoubtedly orthodox, and of a sound Character in every other Respect, but likewise because He may at present be an Object of *Charity*, since the *Oratory* itself may come under the Description of the *Act*, which takes in all *Interludes*, where Money is given at the Door.

The Passages I have already collected upon this Head of *Politicks*, which I have undertaken, are so very numerous, that I can only give You a little Specimen of them at present, with Relation to *Kings*, *Queen's*, *Princes*, and *Ministers of State*.

I shall begin with the *Life and Death of King JOHN*, which I had alter'd from *Shakespeare*; though the Town was so unreasonably prejudiced against Me, that They almost unanimously combined
against

against its Representation ; and I am sorry to say, *Caleb*, that Thou wast in the Number : But I doubt not to convince Thee, by a few Passages from it, that it ought not to be acted at present, without an *Alteration*, though Mr. R——b hath had the Presumption to do it, after mine was rejected.

In the first Place, it is to be observed, that King *John* is represented through the whole Play as an *Usurper*, who seized and kept the *Crown*, in Prejudice to his elder Brother *Geoffery's* Son *Arthur*, who was then abroad, and supported by the Court of *France*. This young Prince's Mother, *Constance*, is drawn as a Woman of great Spirit, and *Shakespeare* hath put several Speeches in her Mouth, which are capable of very bad Applications ; particularly the following.

*When Law can do no Right,
Let it be lawful that Law barr no Wrong.
Law cannot give my Child his Kingdom here ;
For He, that holds his Kingdom, holds the Law ;
Therefore since Law itself is perfect Wrong,
How can the Law forbid my Tongue to curse ?*

This is a downright Assertion that *England* was then under a *Parliamentary-Tyranny*, or *legal Slavery* ; and as you Malecontents are charged with hinting at something of the same Nature at present, I left out the whole Passage, in my *Alteration* of this Play.

King *John* having intirely lost the Affections of his People, Cardinal *Pandulph*, the *Pope's* Legate, encourages the *Dolphin* of *France* to invade *England*, in the following Terms, which I had likewise omitted.

*If but a Dozen French
Were there in Arms, They would be as a Call
To train ten Thousand English to their Side ;
Or as a little Snow, tumbled about
Anon becomes a Mountain——O noble Dolphin,
Go with me to the * King ; 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their Discontent,
Now that their Souls are top-full of Offence.*

When the King heard of the *Dolphin's* being landed with a Body of Forces, He speaks thus to *Hubert*, whom He had order'd to murder Prince *Arthur*.

* The King of France.

*It is the Curse of Kings, to be attended
By Slaves, that take their Humours for a Warrant;
And on the winking of Authority,
To understand a Law; to know the Meaning
Of dangerous Majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon Humour than advis'd Respect.*

How this may be apply'd I leave You and the Reader to judge, as well as the following Passage in the same Play, where the *King* conjures the *Cardinal Legate* to make Use of his Authority against the *French*, who were then Advancing against Him.

*Our discontented Courtiers do revolt:
Our People quarrel with Obedience,
Swearing Allegiance and the Love of Soul
To Stranger Blood, to foreign Royalty.
This Inundation of mistemper'd Humour
Rests by You only to be qualify'd.
Then pause not; for the present Time's so sick,
That present Medicines must be minister'd,
Or Overtbrow incurable ensues.*

This Play concludes with the Death of the *King*; who, being obliged to leave the Field, retired to *Swineshead Abbey*, where he was supposed to be poison'd by a Monk; upon which the discontented Lords deserted the *French*, and join'd with Prince *Henry*, their new Sovereign, in the Defence of their Country, which his *Father* had brought to the Brink of Destruction.

— Dost not Thou think, *Caleb*, that this Moral requires a different Turn; or that very invidious Constructions may not be put upon it, as it stands at present? I took Care to prevent all these in my Alteration; but as the World was not pleased to see it, *Modesty* obliges me to be silent upon that Head.

The next Play, that falls under my Consideration, is *the Life and Death of King Richard the second*, written by the same Author; which hath not been acted within my Memory, and I think never ought, without considerable Castrations and Amendments; for it not only represents an *obstinate, misguided Prince*, deposed by his *People*, which is agreeable enough to the Principles of the *Revolution*; but likewise contains several Passages, which the *disaffected* may turn to their Account. — I will mention only two or three.

The *King*, speaking of the Duke of *Hereford*, (his Successor, by the Name of *Henry the 4th*) makes the following Reflection upon his Popularity.

— Bagot and Greene
Observ'd his Courtship to the common People;

How

*How He did seem to dive into their Hearts,
 With humble and familiar Courtesie;
 What Reverence He did throw away on Slaves,
 Wooing poor Craftsmen with the Craft of Souls,
 And patient under-bearing of his Fortune.*

It is to be observed that the *King* had used the *Duke of Hereford* very ill; and though He was neither his *Son*, nor his *lawful Heir*, malicious People may apply it to *Princes*, between whom there is a much nearer Relation. I need say no more; but shall leave it to your Judgment, whether this Passage ought not to be expunged, as well as the whole first Scene of the second *Act*; particularly where *John of Gaunt*, Duke of *Lancaster*, foretels the Fate of the *King* his Nephew, just before his Death. As You formerly quoted this propheticall Speech in one of your Papers, I shall repeat only the Conclusion of it.

*This Land of such dear Souls, this dear-dear Land,
 Dear for her Reputation through the World,
 Is now leas'd out, (I dye pronouncing it)
 Like to a Tenement, or pelting Farm.
 England, bound in with the triumphant Sea,
 Whose rocky Shore beats back the envious Siege
 Of wat'ry Neptune, is bound in with Shame,
 With INKY BOLTS and ROTTEN PARCHMENT
 BONDS.*

*That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful Conquest of itself.*

This is such a general Reflection upon my dear Country, and the whole Mystery of Treaty-making, that I think it ought not to be suffer'd to appear even in *Print*, much less to be pronounced upon the *Stage*.

In another Part of the same Scene, old *Gaunt* : the
King, in this licentious Manner, which will likewise it of
 very bad Constructions.

*Thy Death-bed is no lesser than the Land,
 Wherein thou lyes't in Reputation sick.
 And Thou too careless, patient as Thou art,
 Committ'st thy anointed Body to the Cure
 Of those Physicians, that first wounded Thee;
 A thousand Flatterers sit within thy Crown,
 Whose Compass is no bigger than thy Hand,
 And yet incaged in so small a Verge,
 The Waste is no whit lesser than thy Land.*

At the latter End of this Scene, the following Dialogue passes between *Northumberland*, *Willoughby* and *Ross*, which is more intolerable than all the rest.

Nor. The King is not Himself, but basely led
By Flatterers, and what They will inform
Meerly in Hate gainst any of us all
That will the King severely prosecute
Gainst us, our Lives, our Children and our Heirs.

Ross. The Commons hath He pill'd with grievous Taxes,
And quite lost their Hearts. The Nobles hath He fin'd
For ancient Quarrels, and quite lost their Hearts.

Will. And daily new Exactions are devis'd;
But what o' God's Name doth become of this?

Nor. Wars have not wasted it; for warr'd He hath not,
But basely yielded upon Compromise
That, which his Ancestors atchiev'd with Blows.
More hath He spent in Peace than they in Wars.

This wants no Comment; and therefore I shall proceed to the second Part of *Henry the 4th*, which was likewise written by *Shakespeare*. Every Body knows that this Prince mounted the Throne, upon the Deposition of *Richard the 2d*, by the Assistance, and with the general Approbation of the People; but He soon lost the Hearts of his best Friends, the Earl of *Northumberland*, *Worcester*, and *Harry Percy*, who were principally instrumental in advancing Him to the Throne, by neglecting their Services, and using them very ill. This made Them desperate, and provoked Them to take up Arms against him. As They were very Popular Lords, many others join'd with Them; and amongst the rest, the *Arch-Bishop of York*, who encourages Them with Hopes of Success by the following Observation.

*The Commonwealth is sick of their own Choice,
Their over-greedy Love hath surfeited.*

The *Jacobites* may take Occasion from hence to suggest, I dare not say what, and point it out to the Notice of the Audience by Clapping; which one of my honourable Friends hath lately proved to be a very seditious and almost treasonable Practice. — Let this Passage therefore be expunged, as well as several others in both Parts of the same Play, which I have mark'd down in my *Index expurgatorius*.

You have already observed that *Ben Johnson's SEJANUS* and *Sir John Denham's SOPHY* have not been acted these many Years. The *Fall of MORTIMER* was lately prohibited, after it had run several Nights; and there are many other Plays,

Plays, which require the same *unalluxa*, or at least very large Expurgations; such as the tragical Part of the *Spanish Fryar*, *Don Sebastian*, and even *Cato* itself, which abound with insufferable Reflections upon *Kings*, *Queens*, *Favourites*, and wicked *Men in Power*.

I do not remember that *All for Love*, or *the World well lost*, hath been acted at either House for a Year or two past; and I hope the present worthy Managers of our Theatres will have the Prudence not to bring it on again, for some Time, or to suppress the following Passages. The first is where *Ventidius* speaks thus to *Alexas*, concerning *Anthony's* unseasonable and ridiculous Fondness for a foreign Mistress.

*I tell Thee, Eunuch, She hath quite unmann'd Him,
Can any Roman see, and know Him now,
Thus alter'd from the Lord of half Mankind,
Unbent, unfinew'd, made a Woman's Toy,
Sbrunk from the vast Extent of all his Honours,
And cramp'd within a Corner of the World?*

Who knows how This may be apply'd: or whether our factious Patriots may not lay the Scene in some other Corner of the World, besides *Aegypt*? — This Subject is farther pursued in several Parts of the same Play; particularly in the third Act, by *Ventidius*, and *Dolabella*; the latter of whom *Anthony* reproaches with his former Passion for *Cleopatra*; upon which *Dolabella* replies thus.

*Dola. And should my Weakness be a Plea for yours?
Mine was an Age, when Love might be excus'd,
When kindly Warmth, and when my springing Youth
Made it a Debt to Nature. Yours —*

Vent. — — — speak boldly.

*Yours, He would say, in your declining Age,
When no more Heat was left but what you forced;
When all the Sap was needful for the Trunk.
When it went down, then You constrain'd the Course,
And robb'd from Nature to supply Desire.
In You (I would not use so harsh a Word)
'Tis but plain Dotage.*

I will not pretend to say that Mr. Dryden prophetically intended any Reflection upon the present Times, in this Dialogue; but that it may be constructed in such a Sense by Those, who are so much addicted to Parallels and Applications, I believe nobody will deny; and therefore it ought to be suppress'd

There are several Passages, to the same Purpose, in *Lee's Alexander*, or the *Rival Queens*; but I shall instance only the following. The *Queen Consort* speaks it.

Stat. *Roxana then enjoys my perjur'd Love;*
Roxana clasps my Monarch in her Arms,
Doats on my Conqueror, my dear Lord, my King.

As to *Ministers of State*, especially *Prime-Ministers*, all our modern Plays are so full of Satire upon Them, that it would require Volumes to make Extracts from them at large. I shall therefore mention only one; I mean the Tragedy of *Sir Walter Raleigh*; which, besides the general Reflection upon our Country, for being tamely bully'd and insulted by *Spain*, is stuff'd with the grossest and most virulent Aspersions upon *great Men*, who have the Happiness to get at the Height of Power and Favour with their Prince. — *Carew*, a Friend of *Sir Walter Raleigh*, inveighs against the Corruption of those Times, in the following Manner.

Car. *That Gold, believe me, Sir, is well employ'd,*
It works like Poison through our weaken'd State,
Infests our generous pure Forefathers Blood,
And fits our free-born Souls for foreign Yokes.
How many noble Structures could I name,
What sumptuous Villa's, labour'd up to Heav'n,
Enrich'd with figured Silks, and stiff with Gold,
But not one Tale in all the Pile to say,
 “ These are the Monuments of perjur'd Faith,
 “ The high-raisd Spoils of mercenary Greatness?

Lord Cobham speaks to the same Effect, and though He is represented mad, there seems to be very good Sense in what He says, however liable to bad Interpretations. I will only give You a short Specimen of it.

Cob. O! what a Mine of Mischief is a Statesman!
Ye furious Whirlwinds, and ye treach'rous Rocks,
Ye Ministers of Death, devouring Fire,
Convulsive Earthquake, and Plague-tainted Air,
All you are merciful, and mild to Him,
The passive Instruments of righteous Heaven.
But He, for Goodness form'd, and plac'd to bless,
Wilful opposes Providence in Spight,
And is a DEVIL of his own Formation.

The dying Advice, which Sir *Walter Raleigh* gives to his Son, favours likewise of the same malevolent Spirit, as you will perceive by the following Lines.

Ral. *Contract no Friendship with an o'ergrown Greatness,
Falling, it crushes Thee; and standing long,
Grows insolently weary of Support,
And spurns the Prop that held it up before.*

It is needless to quote any more after This; and besides my Letter is already grown too long. The only Design of it is to shew that the *late Act*; for *restraining the Stage*, will not answer the Purpose intended by it, unless there be some Regulation of *old Plays*, as well as *new ones*; and that Nobody, without Vanity, is fitter for this Office than *Myself*. It will be a pretty Augmentation to *That*, which I now enjoy; and, indeed I have already distinguish'd myself in so remarkable a Manner, by gutting *other People's Works*, that I am in no great Doubt of Succeeding. I can only add, that if *his Grace* should be pleased to bestow *this Employment* upon Me, I will execute it, with great Industry, to the Confusion of all *Papists, Jacobites, Incendiaries* and *Patriots*.

I am thine,

as far as becomes me,

C. C. P. L.

F I N I S





